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IO ANNE Lives Here





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JO ANNE LIVES HERE





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To our own mothers, with our love.

To the mothers of these children, with our appreciation.

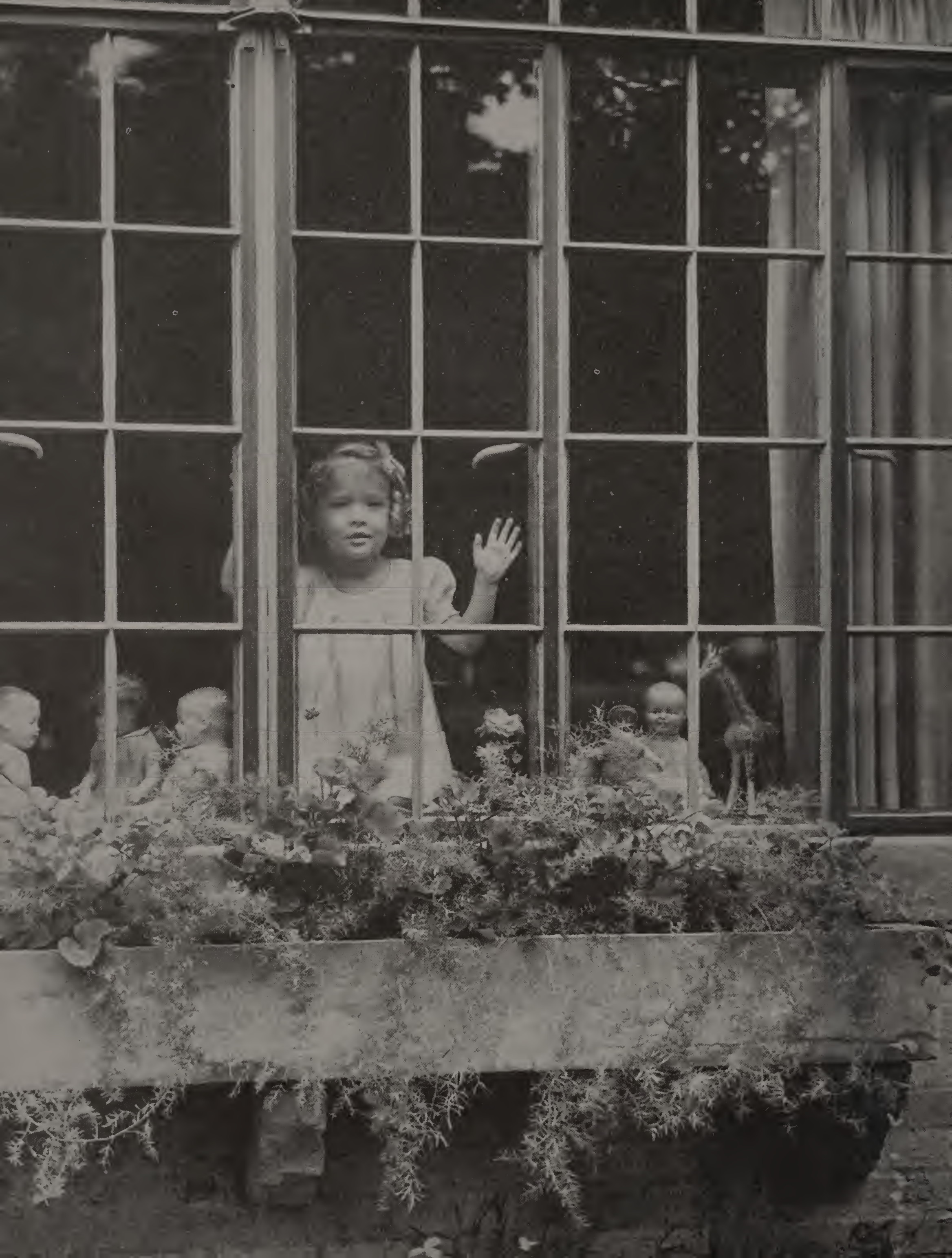
To all mothers who teach their children to find real friends between the covers of a book.





JO ANNE lives here with her mother and father. She has no sisters or brothers, but she and her dolls have a good time together. They like to play in the front window. Jo Anne is looking out now.







The little French soldier and the baby doll are in the small window. The soldier wears a red and blue uniform. He was born in a far land. If he could talk he could tell much about trains and the sea.





Jo Anne feels a little lonesome and comes to the door to look up and down the street. There is no one in sight. So she goes back to the front window, where all her little toy friends are waiting for her.





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Cutting pictures for her scrap book is great fun. Jo Anne has her own scissors, with round points, and cuts carefully to keep on the line.



Her father will print on the
cover:

“This is Jo Anne’s Scrap Book.”

When it is finished she will have
it to look at on rainy days.







Another thing she likes to do,
is to have a tea party and pour
tea for her dolls and herself. It is
fun to sit at the little table with
her own plates and cups.



Of course there is really milk
in the teapot, because they all
like milk much better, especially
when they have little bread and
butter sandwiches to eat with it.







Sometimes Jo Anne builds with blocks. She tries to keep them straight so they won't fall down. When they do tumble they make a clatter on the floor, but they never break because they are made of wood.



Some have pictures on the
sides, and some have letters. She
can set them in a row to spell

JO ANNE







Now she is telephoning Jimmy and Sally. She wants them to come to play with her. She is tired of playing alone. If they are home it won't take long. They live just across the street. Jo Anne hopes they haven't gone away.





Jo Anne puts on her play suit
and goes to meet Jimmy and Sally
at the garden gate. She is glad
they have come.



She has a surprise for them.
There is a new swing in the garden. And there is room in it for all of them. They will push the floor with their feet, and go riding through the air.







They have had a good swing.
Now they are letting the old cat
die. Jo Anne would like to do it
again, but Sally says that she and
Jimmy must go home.





Jo Anne wishes they could stay. The swing is much more fun when all three of them are in it.

“Come again tomorrow,” she says. “Come in the morning, after breakfast.”

She watches them go through the gate.





Jo Anne is changing her dress
to go for a ride with Marshall. It
takes her a long time because
she stops so often to see whether
he is coming.



Marshall lives a long way off.
When he comes to Jo Anne's he
rides from one end of the city to
the other, along the lake shore
and past two parks.





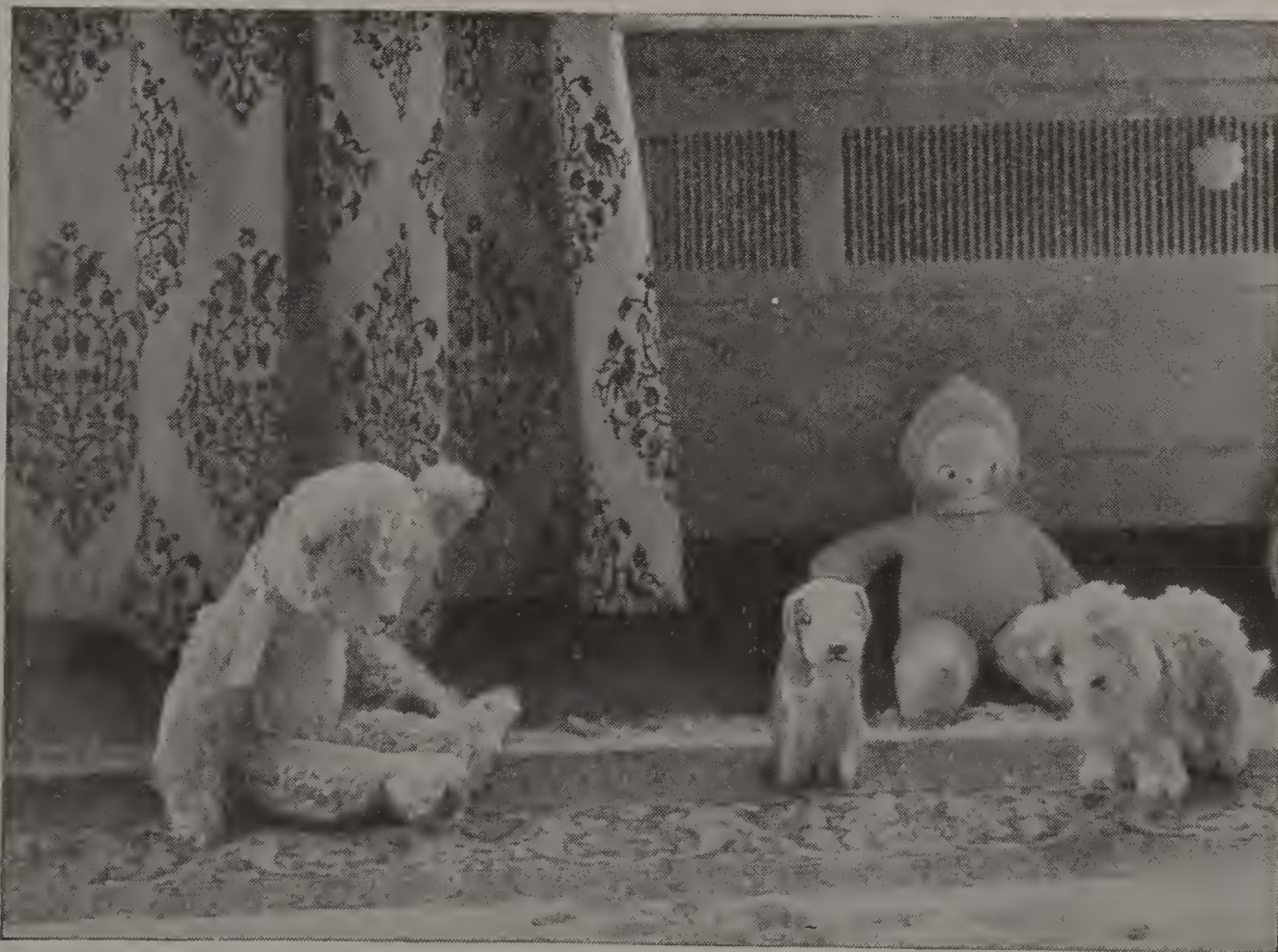


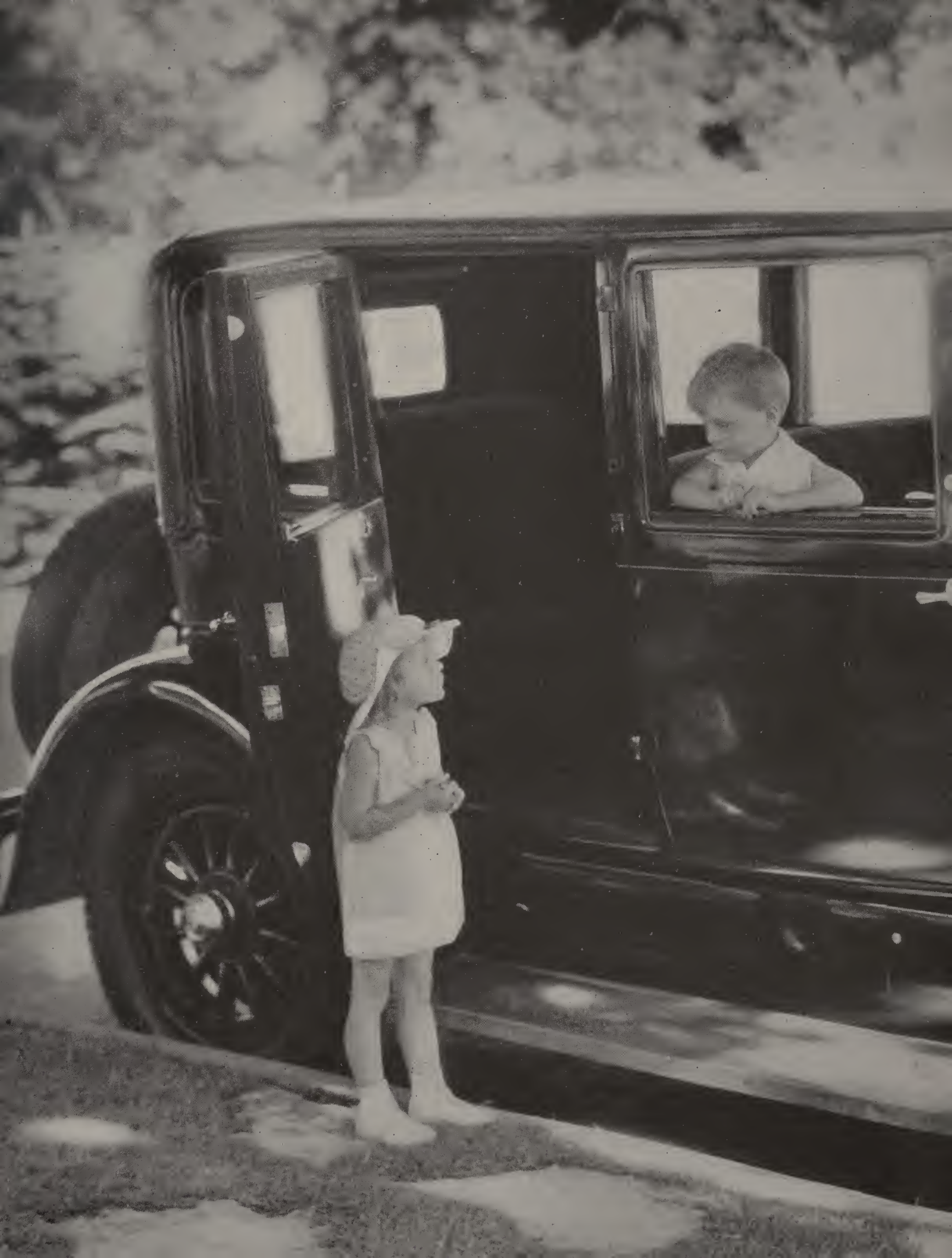
At last he comes, and Jo Anne runs out to see him.

“Where are we going?” she asks.

Marshall says, “It’s a surprise, Jo Anne. Hurry and get in!”

Jo Anne is willing, and off they go.





They come to a big daisy field
and get out. Everywhere they
step, there are flowers. They try
not to walk on them.

Jo Anne picks the first daisy
and shows Marshall its little
white and yellow face.





All around them are hundreds of other daisies just like it. Jo Anne and Marshall think it would be nice to take some of them home.



They pick them, one at a time,
and hold them carefully to keep
them fresh. As soon as they can,
they will put them in cool water.







“Must we go now?” they ask,
when their mothers call them.
“There are so many more daisies
to pick.”

They start back to the auto-
mobile, carrying their bouquets
in their arms.





Now they visit the beach. They have put on their swimming suits and found their beach toys in the automobile. They want to wade in the lake, but the water looks cold.



Little white waves roll up on the shore. They make a soft sound that says “swish,” “swish.”

Jo Anne and Marshall stand on the steps, listening to the waves.







The sand is warm, so they get out their shovel and dig.

Marshall wishes he could let the waves roll over his feet, but the water is too cold.

Jo Anne likes to find smooth stones, with holes through them.





They look out over the lake
for boats. Their own little sail-
boat is the only one in sight.

Now it is time to go home.

When Jo Anne says good-bye
to Marshall, he is so tired he can
hardly wave back.









Marshall rides away and Jo
Anne goes up the little path to
her door. What a good time they
have had!

She will eat her supper now,
and in a little while she will go to
bed, like the sun.





In the morning Jimmy and Sally will be back to play in the swing. Perhaps Marshall will come again.

Jo Anne is glad she lives here.







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